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NORTH CAROLINA FOLKLORE

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GRAVE HUMOR IN NORTH CAROLINA

By Alonzo C. Hall

[Mr. Hall, recently retired professor of English of the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina, is a native of Alamance County. His education, following terms in private and public schools of Burlington, was pursued at Elon College (B. A.) and in graduate studies at Columbia (M. A.), Harvard, and the University of Virginia. From 1916 to 1956 he was teacher of English and American literature, and chairman of sophomore English, at the Woman's College, U. N. C. He is the author (with Professor L. B. Hurley) of Outlines of American Literature and Outlines of English Literature and editor (with Miss Nettie S. Tillett) of Alumnae Miscellany. His special hobbies are American humor, "grave humor," and roses.]

Collecting epitaphs is an ancient, honorable, and rewarding hobby. Quite naturally, North Carolina has its collectors; but, so far as I know, there has been no publication of a book of epitaphs found only in our state. My own adoption of this hobby grew out of my interest in American history and American literature, and specifically from a desire to visit the birthplaces and the graves of our most distinguished men. Thus, one Sunday afternoon years ago, while meandering in the old Granary Burying Ground in the heart of Boston, where Franklin's parents are buried and where many worthies sleep, I came upon an humble slate marker erected by a husband to commemorate the virtues of a very faithful wife:

> "She looked well after the hogs, the chickens, and the cows, and always kept my socks darned."

These quaint, humorously naive words started me looking for "grave humor" - and my search continues. Since I am a native North Carolinian, my hobby has been pursued more intensively in this state than in any other; yet, no doubt you who read this article can give me some odd, humorous, or folk-meaningful "last words" not mentioned here.

From the viewpoint of folklore, as well as biography and history, the older graveyards are more interesting and rewarding. Present fashions in monuments generally rule out human interest - foibles, idiosyncrasies, superstitions, romance, religion, wit, marital relations, and so on. In the older graveyards folkways are revealed in the symbols, as well as in the words, chiseled on the stones. Skulls and crossbones; the hour glass, with the sand run out; hands clasped; finger pointing heavenward; the harp or lyre, with a broken string; the weeping willow, possibly the most universally used symbol of grief; Father Time, wielding his scythe; the open Bible, sometimes with a text carved; angelic forms; lighted candle, and unlighted; in coastal towns, symbols of the seafarer; and for infants, a little lamb. Often these symbols are quite graphic, like the one in the Wilmington cemetery. This monument (I learned after talking with the sexton) was erected to a husband. It was in the shape of a cross, and there were carved on it all sorts of ugly creeping things. The wife thought it an appropriate monument for her husband who died in delirium tremens.

Something in the way of folklore could be made of the unusual kinds of grave markers and decorations of graves. There is a touch of the pathetic to find graves in the mountains of Wautauga covered with seashells. Some sort of

superstition, maybe to keep the ghost from returning home, must have led to placing medicine bottles, lamps, spoons, cabinets, vases, and the like on graves, as may be seen more often in Negro graveyards. At least one grave in North Carolina (like one in St. Michael's, Charleston, S. C.) has a bedstead as a monument. In the jug-making section near Carthage you will find jugs as markers. On a few stones in our state are to be found pictures of the deceased (a French custom). At Hendersonville a woman was so entombed that the rays of the sun on clear days would strike her face. In the old cemetery in Tarboro there is an unusual marker in wood (cypress, no doubt), over 100 years old. On the face of the perpendicular board these words:

Willie

Hicks

Was

A

Good

Boy

1838

When you have wandered about in graveyards and read time and again on wasted and toppling stones "Gone but not forgotten" you hardly escape the pathetic irony of this phrase. The humor becomes a little grim. But this faith in a monument to keep a name alive, along with the virtues of the deceased, goes back some four thousand years. Many an inscription, therefore, has been written, both by surviving friends and by persons for themselves. And the eulogies are not always modest in claims upon immortal fame. One of the most fulsome (written by himself) is that of a Mr. Trogdon, in Greenhill Cemetery, Greensboro. There are some 300 words on this tombstone "who's who."

In the early days monuments were expensive, and especially those with long inscriptions; so, something of a family's standing could be judged by the length of the epitaph; and this sometimes resulted in family pride (or jealousy) showing itself through over-costly funerals and elaborate epitaphs.

Judged by phrases on tombstones, nearly every North Carolinian loves to preach. "At Peace" and "At Rest," most often seen, suggest that a battle has been fought and won. But there are many lines directly addressed to the reader by way of admonition and warning. There are many variations of this one, found over the entire state:

Waynesville, Effie Jean Robinson, 1897-1922

"Come, blooming youths, as you pass by
And on these lines do cast an eye.
As you are now, so once was I;
As I am now, so you must be.
Prepare for death and follow me."

There are seven variations of this warning in the Buffalo Presbyterian Churchyard, Greensboro. A theological sermon is delivered in this from old Hawfields

Church, near Graham:

Alice Jane Scott - Aged one year

"If death's by sin, she sinned
because she's here,

If heaven's by works,
in heaven she won't appear.

Revere the Bible's sacred page,
the knot's untied—
She died for Adam sinned,
She lives for Jesus died."

The following advice comes from St. James Churchyard, Wilmington:

M. Eliza Hobbs; d. 1808 Age 31 years

"Transferred to heaven Eliza has no share
In the dull movements of this world of care.
Ye thoughtless fair her early death bemoan
And while ye mourn her fate think on your own."

Also from St. James this consolation:

Robert Edens; d. 1837 Age 44

"Friend after friend departs
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts
That finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our final rest
Living or dying none were blest."

From Howard Graveyard, Ocracoke:

Ellen Gaskins; born 1859 d. 1882

"One day amidst the place
Where Jesus is within
Is better than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin."

Old Sugaw Creek Burying Ground near Charlotte has many sermons on stones; here are two:

Lilly Wilson
Died 1809, Aged 68 years

"Our life is ever on the wing
And death is ever nigh.
The moment when our lives begin
We all begin to die."

"All hear what silent whisper this
Death, death 'tis due to all;
Prepare O youth for death he cries
And leave this earthly ball."

Americans have always had a predilection for neat phrases, proverbs, clichés, and you find such on many tombstones, as: "Reader go thou and do likewise," "Their warefare is accomplished," "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," "Well done, good and faithful servant." Sometimes the pet phrase does not logically follow what preceded and sometimes there is incongruity of another kind.

From historic New Bern, Cedar Grove Cemetery:

Miss Mary E. Oliver
daughter of John & Eliz
Pearson Oliver. Died Mar.
6, 1836 Aged 82 yrs.

"Him that cometh to me I will in no
wise cast out."
(Hope springs eternal)

From the same cemetery:

Mrs. Martha Clark
D. 1839

She was a member of the Baptist church.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the
people of God."

This one from Forestville has a double meaning — at least she tried:

"Gone before me O my idol
To the Promised Land
Vainly I look for another
In thy place to stand."

Patriotism here: Aberdeen:

"Colin Bethune
Born in Scotland
of Necessity
But an American Citizen
by Choice."

From Snow Camp something of a puzzle: "Here lies a virgin with her babe in her arms."

There is an unintentional flavor of humor in the following from Salisbury: On the stone to the first wife the eulogy is complete; on the second wife's:

"The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away;
Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Also with mixed connotation: Greenville, J. R. Plossoe: "In my distress I called unto the Lord and he heard me." From Beaufort, Michael Arundell, 1819-1884; "I was sick and ye visited me"; and from Edenton, William Clark, who had come South for his health: "He lived among us but a few years before he fell a victim to the climate."

The name and the epitaph sometimes add up to a smile: Providence cemetery, Graham: Lydia J. Moon: "She was the sunshine of our home." In the same graveyard, the rollicking rhyme on the stone of Sallie Fonville is very much alive:

"Sallie sounds the sacred shore
She's gone, she's gone forevermore."

Misspelling is frequent, as this from Elon College Cemetery:

"Our little darling
has gone home
to be an
angle"

And once at least the juxtaposition of two epitaphs brings a smile that was never intended: The wife's and husband's monuments are alike and stand side by side in the First Presbyterian Church Cemetery, Greensboro:

Amelia Lindsay	Jesse Lindsay
1816 - 1881	1808 - 1886
"Forever with the Lord"	"With Christ, which is far better"

Epitaphs for children are often full of sentiment and religious resignation, and they run to the "poetic." The common figure is that of a rosebud, the bud to bloom in heaven, and the marker is often a little lamb fashioned out of white marble. The Scotland Neck Cemetery has more infant graves and more lambs than any other cemetery known to me. Typical of briefer epitaphs for children are some from Greenville:

"She took the cup of life to sip,
Too bitter tears to drain;
She meekly put it from her lips
And went to sleep again."

"Another sweet flower blossoms in heaven."

"A finer bud of promise never bloomed."

"Those whom God loves die young."

"A sweeter, fairer bud of promise never bloomed."

"Budded on earth to bloom in heaven."

From Plymouth:

"Gone - Like a meteor, that o'er head
Suddenly shines, and ere we've said
'Look, look, how beautiful!' 'tis fled."

From Chapel Hill: On the tombstone over the graves of two children:

"Our two sunbeams have
vanished forever."

From Graham:

I was da-da and ma-ma's baby
Only 9 mos. 12 days.
I am now a little angel
With my Lord
Who gave me."

St. James, Wilmington:

"'Ere sin could blight
Or sorrow fade
Death came with friendly care
The opening bud to heaven conveyed
And bade it blossom there."

Buffalo Church, Greensboro:

"Early, bright, transient,
Chaste as morning dew
She sparkled, was exhaled
And went to heaven."

From Halifax something more ornate:

Mary Jones, 1788-1791

"Venus gave all the graces, Pallas
Formed the Mind
With rival art to make the
First of woman kind
Jove, of his wondrous work
too soon enamored grew
Sent the Stern Tyrant death."

Folkways are evident in epitaphs expressing social and political resentment. For instance: From Troy, Edgar Haywood, 187801933- "Murdered. "The muderer shielded by local officers and politicians." (Note the misspelling in the second line.) From Spray: Over the grave of a man executed: "Murdered by the State of North Carolina." From the Thyatira Churchyard, between Salisbury and Mooresville (A young lady much beloved by her grandmother had married against the grandmother's wishes. The girl died about a year after the marriage, and the grandmother put up a tombstone, merely giving the girl's first name and this inscription): "The former things are passed away." An unusual epitaph from Pleasant Grove Baptist Church near Raleigh:

Revacca Jones
Wife of G. H. Alford
Born March 18th, 1822.
Died August 6th, 1890
Aged 68 years

"A devoted Christian Mother
Who whipped Sherman's Bummers
With scalding water while
Trying to take her dinner pot,
Which contained a ham-bone,
Being cooked for her soldier boys."

Here's one sent to me before the man died, Raleigh (dates supplied later"):

"Here lies Rufus Powell,
Born in 1851, died 1931.
Gone, I know not where
To contend with, I know not what."

An old and unusual one is this from the Buffalo Church, Greensboro:

James Creswell

"Who died A. D. 1822 in the 76 year of his age
leaving 100 dollars to the N. Buffalo Church."

A very odd kind of monument, and different in other respects also, stands near the street, south, Pine Hill Cemetery, Burlington- Vernon Albert, 1899-1911. When I first saw it the marker was a small show case, glass on two sides, of the sort used years ago to display flavoring extracts. In this case were a trumpet and a 25-cent piece over a note which said: "Our little boy was killed on account of this." Rhymes from the child's composition book were pasted inside on the glass. In the parent's hand:

"As our little boy writ -

'There is so much good in the worst of us
And so much bad in the best of us
It doesn't behoove any of us
To talk about the rest of us.'

"As our little boy said:

'Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream;
For the soul is not dead that slumbers
And things are not what they seem.'

"Composed by Vernon:

'Life is real and life is earnest
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust unto dust returneth
Was not spoken of the soul.'"

Later on, the note and coin were removed; another horn was substituted for the trumpet; and the wooden sides of the case were replaced with marble and the "poems composed by Vernon" were carved on the marble top and sides of the little show case. No one ever had the heart to tell the parents that the first "poem" is a bit of ancient doggerel, and the next two 'poems' are stanzas from Longfellow's "Psalm of Life."

Romance is associated with the inscription on the tombstone of Samuel McClary, Moravian God's Acre, Winston-Salem. He was a merchant of Charleston, S. C., who was born in 1792 and died on a lover's visit to Winston-Salem, 1831. His sweetheart had a stone placed on his grave bearing the following inscription:

"Ah! Friend at home, and kindred dear!
If chance should bring you here,
Remember that his Lenora dear
Bedewed this grave with many a tear.
September 10, 1831."

Incidentally, in this historic Moravian cemetery death is really a leveler; there are no grand t ombs, no growing shrubs, flowers; the married women and married men are in separate divisions; the unmarried women and men, and the children, according to sex, all separated; and there is a "stranger's Row." In this row Samuel McClary lies.

From the days of ancient trade guilds down into the 19th-century vocations, trades and professions, heroic and daring deeds, and striking innovations have been played up on monuments by way of identifying and immortalizing the departed. For instance, an M. D. boldly proclaims his contribution to the practice of medicine in three words. The epitaph is found in Beeman Cemetery, nine miles West of Wadesboro:

Dr. Parks T. Beeman
B. Dec. 4, 1833 D. May 23, 1903

"I Fed Fever"

A puzzling statement to the present generation, but intelligible 75 years ago, for the good doctor was the first to feed typhoid fever patients rather than starve them. The profession of law is often mentioned, sometimes producing a smile. New Bern:

To the memory of
Charles Elliott
An attorney General for this province
Who died Anno 1756

"An Honest Lawyer Indeed"

Edenton: Attorney -

Malachi Haughton
Attorney at Law
B. 10 Dec. 1790
D. Sept. 8, 1847

"A wit's a feather,
and a chief a rod;
An Honest man's the
Noblest work of God."

Beaufort: Minister -

Rev. J. T. Arrington
Born Louisburg 1858
Died Beaufort 1881
While Pastor of this Church.

"In death he sang the 'Old Ship of Zion'
and with the triumphal song crossed the
river to join the singers on the other side."

Beaufort: Sailor -

"There was no more sea."

Fayetteville: Merchant -

Duncan Macleran
d. 1821 aet 61

"He was for many years a respectable merchant of this place."

Wilmington:

Henry Bacon
1866-1924

The architect of the Lincoln Memorial at Washington.

Marital relations, happy and unhappy, are quite naturally the burden of many inscriptions. One of the most effusive is found in the old churchyard in Washington:

"Where flies my wife, oh lovely once, and
fair,
Her face cast in the mold of beauty,
Where her eyes, all radiance; her cheeks
like snow?
Those cheeks once tinctured with a purple
glow.
Where those ivory teeth, and lips of
celestial sound?
Her lips like lillies set with roses round?
Where that soft marble breast, white neck,
and where
That all of woman past description fair?
Where those active fingers that with artful
ease
In her house once sought her family to
please?

Where that sprightly wit; even love's divine
delight -
All sunk, alas, in everlasting night.
Earth take her bones; chaste soul she smiles
at rest,
While her image lives immortal in my breast."

Another interesting one from New Bern:

In memory of
Ann
the wife of
Longfield
Cox
who departed this life
Aug. the 31, 1792
Aged 24 years

"Like as a shadow on the morning dew
My days are past and spent which were
but few
Grieve not for me dear husband 'tis
in vain
Your loss I hope is my eternal gain."

From Ocracoke:

Agnes Howard
Born 1780 died 1859

" She was !
But words are wanting to say what.
Think what a wife should be.
She was that!"

Family relationships are suggested in the odd lines from the Presbyterian cemetery, Banner Elk. In 1892 a stone marker was placed at the end of the graves of Margaret A. and Shepherd M. Dugger, wife and son of Mr. Dugger.

It reads (for her): "This was a woman sir,
But rests her soul she's dead!

(for him): "This was a child that showed the man
as morning shows the day."

In 1938 Mr. Dugger, the husband and father, died. A bronze plaque is on his tomb and reads as follows:

"Farewell friends, I am dead
But still I hear the birds sing,
See the wild flowers,
And start with you on the high mountains.
I loved little children and my wrongs
Were the results of ignorance."

Either modesty or very faint praise is suggested in the epitaph on a Mr. Campbell's tomb, Riverside Cemetery, Asheville:

"Meant well, tried a little, failed much."

There is typical yearning in this from Buffalo Church, Greensboro:

George Nicks
Died 1838, aged 82

"There are mansions exempted from sin and woe
But they stand in regions by mortals untrod;
There are rivers of joy but they roll not below;
There is rest but it dwells in the presence of God."

From Cherry Hill cemetery, Greenville, there is another of doubtful praise:

"She did the best she could."

From Tarboro a wife speaks with surer conviction:

Henry S. Spragins
B. Oct. 28, 1856
D. Feb. 20, 1888

"What to us is life without thee?
Darkness and despair alone.
When with sighs we seek thee
This tomb proclaims that thou art gone."

From St. James, Wilmington, a man speaks, not sure, but hopeful:

Henrietta Franklin
1824-47

"Farewell, my lovely wife, farewell
With me thou canst no longer dwell
I hope ere long with thee to tell
That Jesus has done all things well."

And a husband put a compliment to himself on his wife's grave, High Point: "And she said, 'John, I am proud of you living or dead.'"

Within the limits of a short article it would be impossible to discuss all the folkways represented by epitaphs found in North Carolina and to illustrate these human ways. Really, one could confine oneself to Edenton, alone, or New Bern; or to Bath, Washington, Plymouth, Wilmington, Raleigh, Hillsboro, Mecklenburg County, or Guilford, and find abundant history, genealogy, fact and fancy, pathos, and humor. This paper, too, is frankly slanted toward 'grave humor.' The smile, as in all true humor, is not at but with human beings; it is not supercilious but understanding and sympathetic.

Graveyards are about as articulate as our forums, and just as sad or just as funny. If you are a pessimist or an idealist, you will find company; if you are pensive you will find philosophy. Lawyer, doctor, baker, preacher,

teacher, prohibitionist, politician, sailor, soldier, wife, husband, old maid, bachelor, children, the purposeful and the indifferent, with their respective individual traits, conditioned by their time - all are still talking! Some of the words, to be sure, suggest another fashion: consort, spouse, relick; the given names are suggestive of their moral thinking: Faith, Hope, Charity, Thankful, Goody, Supply, Waitstill, Constance, Patience; and the symbols on the grave stones (often called 'Tomb Rocks') are no more unusual than the Gingerbread architecture of yesterday or more strange than our "Picture Windows" are destined to be fifty years hence. You may emerge from reading old inscriptions with much important Americana, or with the feelings you have when you have safely reached home from a vacation:

"Life is a jest and all things show it;
I thought so once and now I know it."

Or, being incredulous, you may conclude that:

"A man's life is his best monument."

THE FOLKLORE SOCIETY MEETING, DECEMBER 6, 1957

The North Carolina Folklore Society will hold its forty-sixth annual meeting on Friday, December 6, 2 P.M., in The Virginia Dare Ballroom of The Sir Walter Hotel, Raleigh.

President Betty Vaiden Williams has set up the following program on the theme of "Our Anglo-American Heritage of Story, Song, and Dance":

1. Folk Tales, Mr. Richard Chase, Boone.

2. Folk Songs, Mr. Ira G. Greer, Accompanied on the Dulcimer by Mrs. Greer, Chapel Hill.

3. Dances, Miss Ruth Jewell and The Dixieland Square Dance Team, with a String Band, Raleigh.

The meeting will be open to the public. You are cordially invited to attend, bringing your friends with you.

Since 1956 there has been a slight decline in the paid-up membership. If this is not checked and we do not get on the upgrade again, the consequences may be serious. Continuation of the journal North Carolina Folklore is dependent on membership fees, now all the more so because the reserve which the Society accumulated between 1943 and 1954 has been exhausted.

Please, therefore, pay your dues promptly, and make every effort to secure new members. Arrangements will be made to receive dues and new members at the meeting on December 6.

Let's turn out in large and enthusiastic numbers to see and hear the fine program and to recruit new members.

"HAINTS" I HAVEN'T KNOWN

By John Foster West

[Born and reared in the mountain county of Wilkes, Mr. West belongs to a family connected with one of the principals of a story celebrated in a well-known native North Carolina ballad. Since taking his M.A. at the University of North Carolina in 1949, he has been teaching English, for the last few years at Elon College, and writing. He contributed "Games and Riddles from Western North Carolina" to North Carolina Folklore, vol. II (September 1954), and he has published in magazines (including the Atlantic).]

I grew up in the hill country of Wilkes County through the 20's, when the only means of entertainment were "lassie" boilings, cornshuckings, possum and coon hunts, and other folk gatherings where ballads were sung, tall tales told, and feats of skill and strength performed. One of the favorite subjects for the talkfests always proved to be "haints," which included ghosts, unexplained noises, strange lights, and other types of "boogers" which might be seen near deserted homes or in the proximity of country graveyards.

Most of these haint stories had some basis in true folk history. There was a time when I knew more than a dozen of them, and I could have led you to the spot where they occurred, but now only three come to mind when I try to remember them.

There was the one that goes way back to the Civil War, before Tom Dula killed Laurie Foster or Barrs was hanged before the fainting public at North Wilkesboro. As my father used to tell it, I believe he placed the story around Goshen, or perhaps it was Ferguson. Anyway, there was a land-wealthy lady named Sallie Barns, whose husband was away at war and whom she had not heard from in several months. She had begun to have premonitions concerning the welfare of her husband. One evening in the late summer, just at twilight, she paused on the front porch when she noticed a radiance around a clump of boxwood near the edge of the lawn. As she was staring at the light, a baby angel all aglow with a purple nimbus rose from behind the bush and ascended slowly toward heaven.

Mrs. Barns fled into the kitchen calling out the name of her slave as she did so. "Bessie!" she screamed, "your master has just died. Your master has been killed for certain."

"Shore as I'm settin here, it's the gospel truth," Dad would affirm. "Mr. Barns was hurt in the war and died on that same day, at the exact minute his wife seen the angel."

Another "haint" I remember was the one that struck Coy Morley dumb for his blasphemy. It seems that Morley was a rather rambunctious sort of Brom Bones, given to excessive drinking, yelling, and occasionally shooting, when he had had six too many.

One night he rode his horse west along the dirt road leading through the forest toward Stoney Fork. In spite of the fact that it was near midnight and he was alone, he would occasionally throw back his head to chant "Old Dan Tucker" or "Sourwood Mountain." He became quiet, however, as he approached Dunnkirk Church because even in his inebriated state he had a great deal of respect for haints and for haint territory.

As he came even with the cemetery, he reluctantly turned his face toward the graves and was aghast to see a radiant angel standing on one of the tombstones not far away watching him. Instinctively on the defense, Coy yanked out his pistol and began to shoot. The angel rose gracefully from the stone and floated skyward, passing obliquely above Morley as it did so.

When the apparition was directly overhead, Morley aimed carefully and sent a last shot toward it. Immediately, he was stricken with an agony as though a tank of boiling water had been dashed upon him. The horse fled for home, carrying Morley, who clung desperately to the saddle, speechless.

For exactly one year, Morley could not utter a word, but after that interim his voice returned. Coy Morley told the story over and over about the angel, and the hill folk believed him. Did it really happen? The fact remains that Coy Morley was speechless for an entire year--my father knew him well.

But the most eerie of the stories concerns the ghost of Laurel Mountain. Two brothers, Joe and Ab Johnson, were loggers who lived in an old abandoned shack on Laurel Mountain, not too far from the sawmill for which they worked. Their steers were sheltered in a stable they had thrown together out of slabs and scrap lumber.

There was a story behind the old house. A man had once lived there with his wife and small daughter, until tragedy overtook them. An excessive drinker, the man had come home one night around midnight, had killed his wife and had thrown her corpse into an abandoned well back of the house, along with the child, who died a slow, painful death in the dark hole. Naturally, the house was "hainted" as a result, though practical men like the Johnson brothers had little truck with such tales. Coincidentally or otherwise, however, they did not sleep in the room the former tenants had used as a bedroom, and the door between them was always closed and latched at night.

After spending several months in the shack without incident, Joe, the more aggressive of the two, was awakened one night around twelve by a loud bang from the adjoining room. He sat up, fully awake, in time to hear the outer door to the same room flung roughly open.

"Ab!" he called, "wake up!"

Across the dark room, Ab sat up on his bunk, rubbing sleep from his eyes. "What is it, Joe? What ails ye?"

"Listen!" Joe whispered. "Listen at that noise in yander."

They both sat there quietly listening to the heavy footfalls pound across the floor of the next room. There came the loud, guttural cursing of an angry man followed by a woman's scream. The scream cut off abruptly, and out of the sudden silence a child whimpered in fear.

The two men remained quiet, listening to the feet pound back across the floor and out the door, listening to the whimpering voice of the child dwindle to silence as it disappeared toward the stable up the slope.

"Land of Goshen!" Ab Johnson whispered. "What was it, Joe?"

Joe sat there awhile longer in silence. "Jest the steers up at the stable," he finally said. "Must be a dang wildcat messin' round up there."

He got out of bed, slipped his shoes on and in his underwear left the shack carrying his shotgun, Ab close behind. When they came even with the old well, now covered with rotting plank, Ab stopped suddenly. "Did'ye hear that, Joe?"

Joe stopped to listen. Out of the well, only a few feet away, came the unmistakable voice of a child, a child whimpering in pain and terror. Loud, clear and terrifying it rose from the black hole, appealing for help and comfort.

Ab was the first to break and run. Joe dropped his gun and followed him. Three hours later they banged on the door of Gil Minton's house, at the bottom of the mountain, still wearing only their shoes and underwear. Despite the ribbing they got over the years, they never slept in the old "hainted" house again--and neither did anyone else.

Though these stories are true, any similarity between the names used here and those of the folks who were actually involved is purely a coincidence--like Coy Morley, I too have a healthy respect for ghosts.

"HARK THE SOUND": HISTORY OF A COLLEGE SONG

By J. Maryon Saunders

[It is well known that college songs are a species of folksong. Many of them, in origin, style, music, and method of transmission, exemplify folksong characteristics. Some of them, when their histories are known, are perhaps as illustrative of a sort of communal composition as some of the old ballads are. Certainly a few of them are of multiple authorship, the composition of them stretching over a fair period of time, occurring in stages, and involving several contributors. And their texts have been, usually unconsciously or accidentally, changed in the course of transmission.

[The late Newman I. White once pointed out that the "coda" of "Hark the Sound" owes something to the old camp-meeting spiritual stanza which ran as follows:

> Baptist, Baptist is my name,
> And Baptist till I die;
> When I am dead it can be said
> You've laid one Baptist by.

(See The Frank C. Brown Collection of North Carolina Folklore, vol. III.)

[The author of the following article is peculiarly well qualified to treat his subject. J. Maryon Saunders, known by the unacademic-sounding nickname of "Spike," is the General Alumni Secretary of the University of North Carolina in Chapel Hill. Also, he is editor of The Alumni Review, in the March 1957 number of which he first published the article. Graduated from the University of North Carolina in 1925, he took a master's degree the following year, and was a member of the faculty of Georgia Tech when he returned to Chapel Hill thirty years ago to accept his present positions. He has generously permitted North Carolina Folklore to reprint his article, which appeared under the title "'Hark the Sound' Was First Sung 60 Years Ago."]

There may be controversy about the "official" words of the University of North Carolina's alma mater song, but the tune and version of the lyric are known and sung far and wide by Tar Heels as their Hark the Sound song.

When the question is asked "Who wrote Hark the Sound?" an exact answer is difficult. As in the case of the founding of the University itself, there is neither an exact date nor one individual who can be cited with complete accuracy.

The melody of Hark the Sound is the tune of Amici and is one used by many institutions for their alma mater song. Indeed, someone has suggested an organization of colleges and universities having the common tune for their official alma mater song.

Students and alumni of the University of North Carolina, the nation's oldest state university, sing out the first verse, the chorus, and particularly the coda of their school song with the authority of complete ownership.

The coda is that part of the song that goes like this: "I'm a Tar Heel born, / I'm a Tar Heel bred, / And when I die, / I'll be a Tar Heel dead." Only North Carolina alumni may boast those words; and no other school uses the lively tune to which they are sung.

The situation is different with other portions of Hark the Sound. The late William Starr Myers, a graduate of the University of North Carolina in 1897 and long a professor of political history at Princeton University, rightfully is the first name in the story of the origin of Hark the Sound. It was in Myers' senior year that the University Glee Club - at its commencement program - presented in public the first version of Hark the Sound. Myers was the author of the words. In his meticulously-kept diary Myers recorded the date - June 2, 1897. The words were sung as a solo by Francis A. Gudger, the Glee Club's first tenor and Myers' roommate. The two students were from Asheville. Myers is now deceased. His family recently gave large collections of his library to the University, including a file of correspondence and data about Hark the Sound. Gudger, retired now after a career in the movie industry, lives at Palm Springs, Calif. His wife is the former Marjorie Rambeau, the movie actress.

The Glee Club concert of 1897 was held in Gerrard Hall. Earlier that spring the Glee Club had given a concert also in Gerrard Hall for the benefit of the Athletic Association, which was seeking funds for intercollegiate athletics. The words of Hark the Sound, as sung by Gudger, differ slightly in their first verse and refrain from those used currently. Here they are:

Hark the sound of loyal voices
Ringing sweet and true,
Telling Carolina's glories,
Singing NCU.

Hail to the brightest star of all!
Clear in thy radiance shine,
Carolina, priceless gem,
Receives all praise as thine.

The second and third verses in the Myers-Gudger first version are unfamiliar and completely different from verses currently sung. The original verses went this way:

Hark the echo of those voices,
Boys of long ago!
Singing Carolina's praises,
As through life they go.

So with the future generations
That shall know thy love;
All will join the happy chorus,
Their affection prove.

Several years after Myers and Gudger had left the campus a University quartet picked up the tune of the song and, with slight changes in the first verse and chorus, began to use the song in its public recitals.

The quartet was composed of the late Dr. Charles S. Mangum, then a young instructor in the Medical School; the late Charles T. Woollen, for many years Business Manager of the University at Chapel Hill and the first Controller of the Consolidated University; the late J. C. B. Ehringhaus, Governor of North Carolina in 1933-37, then a law student at Chapel Hill; and Gaston G. Galloway of Charlotte, now a retired businessman there. As the quartet began to sing the song frequently and its popularity with students increased,

the need for other verses was felt. Perhaps the original verses were not remembered.

Dr. Mangum is credited with writing the currently-used second verse of the song, while Woollen was the author of the present third verse.

Those verses are as follows:

'Neath the oaks thy sons true-hearted
Homage pay to thee,
Time-worn walls give back the echo
Hail to UNC.

Tho' the storms of life assail us,
Still our hearts beat true;
Naught can break the friendships
formed
At dear old NCU.

Even now there is some dispute as to the exact words to the popular alma mater song. Joel Carter, Director of the Glee Club, says that he has always heard the second line in the chorus sung to these words: "Clear its radiance shines" even though the final word of the fourth line is "thine." For the rhyme the word "shine" is required. A printer's error accounts for another change in the words of the "Woollen verse" which has been sung "Still our hearts be true" rather than "beat" true.

Readily apparent is the complex nature of the origin of Hark the Sound. Even so, its widespread use among Tar Heels makes it the University's official song - regardless of versions.

That first verse and refrain, as sung now, go like this:

Hark the sound of Tar Heel voices
Ringing clear and true
Singing Carolina's praises,
Shouting N. C. U.!

Ref. - Hail to the brightest star of all,
Clear in its radiance shine!
Carolina, priceless gem,
Receive all praises thine.

And the lively coda, likely to be heard wherever Tar Heels live, is sung to these words:

I'm a Tar Heel born,
I'm a Tar Heel bred,
And when I die,
I'm a Tar Heel dead.

So it's Rah, Rah, Car'lina, 'lina
Rah, Rah, Car'lina, 'lina
Rah, Rah, Car'lina, Rah! Rah! Rah!

SOME NORTH CAROLINA RIDDLES

By Joseph D. Clark

[Professor Clark, of North Carolina State College, is a veteran of the North Carolina Folklore Society and was its president from 1946 to 1948. In addition to his interest in English literature and composition, he has been a collector of folklore, particularly the simile and other proverbial expressions. His extensive collection of similes appeared under the title "Similes from the Folk Speech of the South," in the December 1940 issue of the SOUTHERN FOLKLORE QUARTERLY. Currently he is engaged in compiling and editing several thousand entries on games, rhymes, customs, beliefs, folk speech, proverbs, similes, ballads, and songs.]

Riddles — found today in traditional form and often related in popular consciousness to crossword puzzles, "crazy questions and foolish answers," and other word games - are one of the oldest types of folklore. In ancient times, Hebrews and Greeks propounded them in deep seriousness. For instance, in Judges XIV, it is recorded that Samson, after killing a lion whose carcass he later found filled with a swarm of bees, challenged his Philistine adversaries to answer this riddle: "Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness." The classic Greek example is the riddle that the Sphinx put to Oedipus: "What animal goes on four legs in the morning, on two legs at noon, and on three legs in the evening?" His answer, "Man," was rewarded by his elevation to the throne of Thebes.

Two common surviving types of riddles are: (1) the ancient, traditional type, enigmatic, allegorical, allusive, and fanciful in expression; and (2) the conundrum type, which plays on words, often in homonymous or antithetical arrangement. Full classification and definitive treatment are impossible within brief space, but a few observations may not be amiss. Riddles are characterized by their question-and-answer technique. The question is usually put directly, less frequently in a declarative sentence or in a phrase suggesting reply. In current riddles the prose form predominates, though metrical arrangement and internal and external rhyme survive as features of the traditional type. Most current riddles treat commonplace objects and ideas, and they are earthy, even vulgar at times. A type of intellectual activity which once met the needs of king and seer, riddles still serve as a casual source of mirth and an exercise of the wits.

To indicate the survival of the riddle, both in subject matter and in style, I select the following from a collection made from my students at North Carolina State College in 1955-56. Though riddling is not the pastime that it once was in less sophisticated times, the riddles quoted illustrate the most ancient kinds as well as the more modern adaptations. For example, "When is a door not a door?" - "When it is ajar" - is ancient and modern both in form and in play on words. In the other examples, structural, stylistic, and tonal elements are apparent: the predominance of the direct question, with the initial word what or how or when; the declarative form in baldhead; the suggestive phrasal form in snake; the inversion of up and down in umbrella; the repeated use of -ful and full in air and smoke; the posing of the same question with a play on homonyms, in newspaper and sunburned zebra; the rhyme in Wagon; the problem of spelling in wrong and ice, and of arithmetic in 27 days and 19; the modernity of garbage truck. For obvious reasons, the vulgarity or obscenity of some of the riddles collected is not exemplified here.

1. What is it that you have a houseful of and yardful of, but you cannot get a dishpanful of? -- Air.

2. A houseful, a hole full,
But you can't catch a bowlful. -- Smoke.

3. He's got it. He doesn't want it. Yet he wouldn't take the world for it.-- Baldhead.

4. What has four legs, a head, and a foot, and can't walk? -- Bed.

5. Hippy, tippy, upstairs;
Hippy, tippy, downstairs;
Goes all over the house,
Comes back and sits in a corner. -- Broom.

6. Big at bottom, little at the top;
Little thing in the middle goes jiggity-jog. -- Churn.

7. What has teeth but cannot eat? -- Comb.

8. What kind of fruit does the electric plant grow? -- Currents.

9. What is it that the more you cut off the longer it grows? -- Ditch.

10. When is a door not a door ? -- When it is ajar.

11. What has four wheels and flies? -- Garbage truck.

12. Round as a biscuit,
Black as a coal;
A great long tail
And a bustin' hide. -- Griddle.

13. What is live at both ends and dead in the middle? -- Horse, man, plow.

14. How do you spell hard water with three letters? -- I-c-e.

15. What is the hardest riddle of all? -- Life, because we have to give it up.

16. What is it that never was and never will be? -- Mouse's nest in a cat's ear.

17. What is white, black, and read all over? -- Newspaper.

18. What is black and white and red all over? -- Sunburned zebra.

19. What side of a cat has the most fur? -- Outside.

20. What has eyes and cannot see? -- Potato.

21. Green as gras and grass it ain't;
Red as blood and blood it ain't;
Black as ink and ink it ain't. -- Pokeberry, blackberry.

22. What can a dog have that nothing else can have? -- Puppies.

23. Long, slick, slender, slimy thing. -- Snake.

24. What is full of holes and still holds water? -- Sponge.

25. What is round as a saucer, deep as a cup; yet all the water in the Mississippi can't fill it? -- Strainer.

26. What will go up the chimney down but won't go down the chimney up? -- Umbrella.

27. What runs and runs and never walks,
And has a tongue and never talks? -- Wagon.

28. Tippy, tippy upstairs;
Tippy, tippy, downstairs;
If you don't mind,
Tippy will bite you. -- Wasp.

29. If you threw a white stone into the Red Sea, what would it become? -- Wet.

30. What is the one-letter word that is never spelled right? -- Wrong.

31. If I had twenty sick (pronounced six) and one died, how many would I have? -- Nineteen.

32. If a frog is at the bottom of a thirty-foot well and moves up three feet a day and falls back two at night, how long will it take him to reach the top? -- Twenty-seven days, because he will be out and won't fall back.

This brief illustrated discussion of riddles is inadequate and unfinished. Perhaps it boils down to the philosophy of the fifteenth riddle above.

MOTHER-IN-LAW LORE

By Cherry Parker

[Mrs. Parker, who contributed an article on Jugtown to the July number of North Carolina Folklore, is sketched in that number. In July she completed a program of graduate training in Public Health.]

My mother-in-law, Mrs. J. R. Parker, of Norwood, North Carolina (Stanly County), has told me some fascinating stories, and I will pass two of them along to you, just as she told them to me.

The Spell on Grandma Parker's Cow

An old negro woman who put spells on cows lived many years ago. Her name was Emerline Allen. No one knows how she did it, but some other negroes saw her putting a spell on Grandma Parker's cow one night, and the cow went dry, all but a cup. Someone told Grandma Parker to take the cup of milk and boil it, and cut it with a knife to cut the spell, and then the one who did it would come to her door begging for something. They told Grandma Parker not to give her a thing and the one who was guilty would get the stomach cramps, and the spell would be broken.

Well, Emerline came right after that and told Grandma if she would give her some bread the cow would get all right, but no one gave her a thing; so she went down the road home, and Grandma's cow got all right. After Grandma would not give her anything, she begged Ray's sisters for a gum-twig toothbrush, but they would not give her anything, either; so she had to suffer it out herself.

Grandmother Melton's Rue Plant

My Grandmother told me about rue. All old people grew a bush in the garden from year to year, and it was always kept on one side of the garden walk. My grandma gave me my start, and someone told me it was good for malaria.

Two of my kinfolks had malaria; so I decided to try it on them.

I was told if I had plenty of rue to boil it in water and make a tea and drink it, but if I did not have much to put it in whiskey to preserve it, and take a swallow two or three times a day till better. My relatives had had chills and malaria for two years, and one cup of rue stopped it.

My Grandma used it for kidney disorder, or anything that caused inward fever.

BUNCOMBE -- TALKING TO BUNCOMBE

[Reprinted by Carolina Watchman, Salisbury, Vol. XI, No. 41 (May 6, 1843), p. 1, with credit to New York Plebeian.

[This is a variant of the story explaining the word buncombe or bunkum, noted by Webster's New International Dictionary of the English Language, Second Edition, Unabridged, as follows: "The phrase to speak for Buncombe, that is, for mere show, was first used in the 16th Congress (1819-21) by Felix Walker, representative from North Carolina, in whose district was the county of Buncombe (Asheville, county seat). While he was speaking, the house impatiently called for the 'question'; but he persevered, saying that the people of his district expected it, and that he was bound to 'make a speech for Buncombe.'"]

Buncombe county is the extreme west of North Carolina, among the Blue Ridge mountains. A few years ago, a raw country attorney came to Congress from that region, and began a speech one morning before the house assembled. Rising solemnly "in his place," he turned toward the colored man who was sweeping around the Speaker's chair. "Mr. Speaker," said he, "render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to Mrs. Caesar the things that are hers; for a man are a man all over the world, and a hog are a hog. Sir, I'm opposed to that thar bill -- it's a transparency to alternate the consty-tu-shy-on. Mr. Speaker, d--n you!" The negro dropped his broom and stared round the hall, and then at the orator. Firmly persuaded that the man was crazy, he ventured to remonstrate. "I t'ink mass's outer order, 'pon de count dar's nobody here 'cept me, and Jim what's outerside." The orator raised his hand peremptorily. "Sh-sh, nigger. I'm talking to Buncombe."

BALLAD HUNTING

By Betty Vaiden and Charles Williams

[Dr. Williams is a Raleigh pediatrician. A graduate of the University of North Carolina and Jefferson Medical College, after years of practice in Raleigh he became Pediatrics Consultant on the State Board of Health. Born at Lincolnton but moving early to Raleigh, Mrs. Williams was educated at Converse College and the University of Louisville. While studying music under John Dwight Sample in Chicago, she had some experience as a radio singer. After their marriage Dr. and Mrs. Williams discovered and shared a lively interest in folksongs. In recent years Mrs. Williams has made numerous radio, television, and other appearances as a singer of folksongs, and also some fine phonograph recordings. She is President of the North Carolina Folklore Society for 1957. She and Dr. Williams have collaborated in the following account of their wide-ranging adventures as ballad hunters.]

There is a saying that there are two fatal bug bites - the "love bug" and the "ballad bug"! We have succumbed to both! The latter has opened the door to a fascinating hobby for us - ballad hunting.

In our hunts, we have found not only many fascinating ballads but many fascinating friends as well. We have had interesting experiences - too numerous to list; but we shall relate a few of them.

One summer, while searching for ballads in Carteret County, we heard about a ballad telling (we thought) of a French vessel being shipwrecked on the Carolina Coast. We understood the title of the song to be "The Bougeatte Run Ashore." We finally tracked down our ballad singer and learned that the vessel was the Venture, a "booze yacht"!

This ballad tells of a rum-runner sighting a patrol boat around Cape Lookout during prohibition days. In order to save their cargo of whiskey, the rum-runners decided to dump it overboard between the channel markers and then to return later, when all was safe, and retrieve it. The plan would have worked beautifully if the fishermen had not come to collect their nets. Imagine the surprise of the fishermen when they discovered their day's catch to be cases of Scotch whiskey! Needless to say, everyone stopped fishing for fish for several days around Harker's Island!

We have found that ballad-hunting requires patience, tact, and sometimes even intrigue. We had four "four-hour sessions" (sixteen hours) before we were successful in getting "The Booze-Yacht Run Ashore" recorded.

In the mountains, while searching for an old dulcimer, as well as ballads, we stopped at the Crossnore School to ask Mrs. Sloop for information about locating ballad singers. She informed us that two of the best were at her school - Margaret Ollis and Obadiah Johnson. She invited us to return that night, and made arrangements for the two singers to meet us at her office. We returned with our recorder and had a most delightful two-and-a-half-hour session with these charming singers!

We decided to correlate three of the songs into a trilogy which we call our "Crossnore Trilogy." It has proved to be most popular. In the first song, we meet a young girl who wants to be married. The second song tells that she is going to be married - next Sunday. In the final song, we hear the

"house-keeper's lament" - relating that beauty fades, money dwindles, and nothing really lasts but trouble and dirt!

Mrs. Jacques Busbee lives in a treasure house of ballads at Jugtown in Moore County. We particularly prize "Ananias' Funeral Chant," which she recorded for us. It tells of an old darky's entrance into the Pearly Gates.

Once when we were rounding up a ballad hunt with a round of golf, we met a most interesting couple from Holland who had also been bitten by the "ballad bug." They had lived in many lands and knew ballads in seven different languages. They recorded many ballads for us and even supplied the translations in verse! Thus blossomed a beautiful friendship and a desire to broaden our collection of ballads to include some from other lands.

Our first venture was Mexico. We did not carry our recorder because of the weight, thinking that we would be able to rent one in Mexico. What a mistake! There are no recorders available for rent in Mexico. They are a very scarce item because of excessive duty.

We were fascinated by the Mexican folk music and met quite a number of excellent folk singers. The music and rhythms in the different states vary until one almost hears twenty-seven varieties! The huapango rhythms especially intrigued us.

Our quest for a recorder led us to the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow - Joe Hellmer, Head of the Sound Department at the Palace of Fine Arts! Joe is a native of Philadelphia and has spent the past eleven years collecting Mexican folk music. When he heard of our interest in the folk music, he invited us over, not only to listen to many of his rare recordings, but also to "sit in" on some of his recording sessions when he was recording native music. Incidentally, he is the Mexican representative for the Vanguard Recording Society.

From Mexico, our wandering feet turned towards Europe. We crossed the Atlantic on a German freighter. There were only eleven passengers. All were German except one other American. When the Germans discovered our interest in folk music, they obliged us with singing sessions every evening after dinner. Even the captain joined in when his duties permitted!

Our first port of call was Antwerp. We went ashore and walked to the town square. It was Sunday, and there was a large gathering of young people in native costume, getting ready for a parade. We were so excited over the prospect of hearing some native folk music! We waited with bated breath for about twenty minutes. Finally the music began - "See You Later, Alligator"! Were we disgusted!

We were in Europe during harvest-time. In Germany we heard the harvesters singing in the fields. At night, the children would parade, swinging lanterns, and singing. This was such a lovely sight and oh, what beautiful music as they raised their sweet young voices in song!

The Grape Festivals were being held in Switzerland, and this music was very thrilling, as was the yodeling of the shepherds. One night in Interlaken a Swiss Army band played native music in the square in front of our hotel. If only we had had a recorder!

When we reached Vienna, the weather was getting very wintry, and so we had to content ourselves with the music inside the cafes and Heurigen. Nevertheless, the Schrammelmusik was thrilling and stirring - even indoors!

In Italy, we came back to sunshine and warm weather again. The music of the gondoliers and the musicians walking from one sidewalk cafe to another - following the sun - was most appealing.

We did not hear much folk music in France, but Spain made up for this lack! We were entranced by the Flamenco singing and dancing. The singing is very weird and florid with a strong Moorish influence. The dances commence rather quietly, and as they progress, the music gets wilder and the dancers become hypnotized by it. At the end of the dance, there is a wild scene of clapping hands (or castanets), swinging dresses, stamping feet, and everyone is exhausted, including the audience!

We find the folk music of other lands most fascinating, but our first love is still our own North Carolina music! It is outstanding in the field of folk music. We must preserve and treasure it, for it is a vital part of our cultural heritage.

"HE OUGHT TO BE BORED FOR THE SIMPLES"

By S. S. Brown

[A North Carolinian by birth and long residence, Mr. Brown is now living in retirement at Titusville, Florida. He has made several contributions to North Carolina Folklore, and there is a brief biographical note about him in Vol. III, No. 1.]

When I was a boy living on a Western North Carolina farm, I often heard this old saying, "He ought to be bored for the simples," when someone was talking and acting like an idiot.

I doubt very much if many people at this time know exactly what was meant by this expression; so I will give my theory as to how it originated.

Often one of our cows would get to moping around and acting half crazy. Then one of the neighbors would come over and say, "Your cow has the hollow horn, and her horns should be bored." I still have one of the old-fashioned gimlets used for this purpose.

So when any person got to talking and acting like an idiot, people thought his head was hollow and ought to be bored like the cow's horns.

I feel pretty sure this is how the old saying "He ought to be bored for the simples" originated.

NOTE ON "BORE FOR THE SIMPLES"

John S. Farmer and W. E. Henley, in A Dictionary of Slang and Its Analogues, Vol. VI, pp. 211-212, have several entries on the variant from "cut for the simples." They explain that the plural of the old substantive simple meant "folly," and that the old proverb 'To go to Battersea to be cut for the simples' meant "to take means to cure of foolishness." They cite examples of the use of the expression from Swift's Polite Conversation (ca. 1710), Southey's The Doctor (1834), and Hindley's Cheap Jack (1876).

Lester V. Berrey and Melvin Van Den Bark, in The American Thesaurus of Slang, have two entries on "bore for the simples." The first, under the general heading "276. DULLNESS; TEDIUM," runs as follows: "276.7. BORE. Bore one for the simples or hollerhorn, bore stiff or pallid, bore to extinction or tears, feed up, give a yawn, leave one cold, make one tired." Under "506. MISCELLANEOUS UNDERWORLD TERMS," they enter: "BORE FOR THE SIMPLES, to bore, get on one's nerves."

It will be noted that the first Berrey and Van Den Bark entry makes "hollerhorn" alternative to "simples" and thus suggests some connection with Mr. Brown's theory, above.

Readers who have seen or heard either "to bore for the simples" or "to cut for the simples" are invited to cite examples of the usage, and any who are to speculate about the origin of either phrase are also invited to submit their theories.

ANSONORAMA (CONTINUED)

By Mary Medley

[The author of "Ansonorama," in the July 1957 number of North Carolina Folklore, Miss Medley, of Wadesboro, Anson County, was sketched in the headnote to her article.]

Preacher Jimmy

They called him Preacher Jimmy — the revivalist who pitched his gospel tent in Anson County villages in the early part of the present century. Preacher Jimmy had fire and a natural gift of histrionics. He was hell on dancing and Demon Rum. What he lacked in college degrees was made up for by the old-time religion in his heart.

His fervor drew for him a partner in the revival business, a lawyer turned minister in his latter life, an ex-congressman, with degrees from Wake Forest and the University of Virginia. I'll call him Preacher M. The striking contrast of the two men in appearance, background, and training made them a colorful team which drew a strong following.

When Preacher Jimmy pitched his tent in town, it was as good as any show on the Redpath Chautauqua circuit. There were afternoon as well as evening services. The kids liked to crawl inside the tent in the afternoons, take a place on the plank seats, and wriggle their toes in the sawdust floor as they sat with eyes fixed on the evangelist. Thus they were initiated into the illustrated-lecture business.

As Preacher Jimmy warmed up, he pounded on the pulpit and hollered at the top of his voice, "If you're a sinner, you're the one I'm talkin' to." Then he unrolled large pictures portraying the life-sized figure of the Devil in a red suit. One showed the Devil standing over a man bound in chains, his pitchfork pointed right at the victim's chest. At this point the kids gripped the plank seats and dug their toes into the sawdust. "Has the Devil got you like this?" roared the preacher.

In tent or local church Preacher Jimmy could put on a dramatic sermon against dancing. He would sashay across the pulpit platform with movements approximating the shimmy, then go into little mincing steps. He would then turn to his audience and shout: "Yes, sex is taking as many people to hell as liquor. The Devil's in the dance halls. You can go there and see 'em dancing so close that you couldn't put a piece of tissue paper between 'em."

Yet nothing provoked his evangelistic lashings like Demon Rum. "You know you likker makers are children of the Devil, and every still hereabouts is a hell kittle."

Preacher Jimmy had a nerve of iron tempered by his faith in God. He went in person to still sites and attempted to plead with the lawbreakers and sinners. "Am I afraid of being shot? No," he yelled. "Let 'em shoot. I'll be in Heben before the smoke clears away."

On the occasion of one of his revivals the tent was pitched across a creek from a bunch of rum runners, who sought to drown out the preaching with raucous noises. These sinners got off to a big start, and were interfering

with the preacher. Preacher Jimmy went across the creek and pleaded with them to stop and turn from their evil ways.

Some of the sisters in the congregation, fearing for his safety, went to Preacher M., who was taking a noon-hour siesta in his buggy. (He had been soothed by a copy of The Biblical Recorder.) On hearing the women's request, Brother M. shook himself and mumbled: "Go 'way, sisters, and let me take my rest. The Lord will look after Brother Jimmy."

It seems that the Lord always did. Some time later the crusader against blockaders came riding down a winding country road in a Model-T Ford. In the front seat was the drum of the still. Preacher Jimmy rose up and pounded on it with the gusto of an orchestra player striking the timpani. "Strike this Devil implement now!" he cried. "Two souls are saved for the Lord." The blockaders in the car were as meek as lambs.

For many years folk like these were brought into the fold, along with lesser sinners. Then Preacher Jimmy was called to his reward. No greater tribute was paid to him than the one by a woman who respected his religion and enjoyed his dramatics.

On the day of his death she remarked, "Well, I reckon Preacher Jimmy's spreadin' putty around Heben."

The Bank of Wadesboro Money

Anson was invaded in the spring of 1865 as remnants of Sherman's forces moved up from Georgia and South Carolina. Practically every sizable plantation experienced pillage and loss of property. There were outrages of harsh treatment, rape, and murder.

Practically all of the antebellum State banks, including those in Anson County, faded away during or shortly after the War between the States. In the general consternation felt when the Yankees came near on their plundering march, strenuous efforts were made to save the assets of banks and other repositories. The cashier of the Bank of Wadesboro at that time was William O. Bennett. He packaged all the bank's funds and sent them to a friend's plantation in the Ansonville section. The bank messenger was a loyal Negro, who lowered the precious package into a well.

A Federal detachment arrived soon afterward and began interrogating the Negro. The shrewd black man managed to send the soldiers away, bootless, by shaking his head in a dazed manner and mumbling, "Why, boss, you know white folks wouldn't tell a Nigger where any money was."